

### Little Orphant Annie.

Little orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
To wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,  
And shoo- the chickens off the porch, and dust the hearth and sweep,  
And make the fire and bake the bread, and earn her board and keep.  
And all us other children when the supper things are done  
We set around the kitchen fire and has the mostest fun  
A-listenin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about  
An' the goblins 'at git you ef you don't watch out.

An'

An' onct there was a little ~~gify~~ boy 'at wouldn't say his prayers/  
An' w'en he went to bed at night away up stairs,  
His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd him bawl,  
An' when they turned the kivers down he wasn't there at all.

An' they seeked him in the cubby-hole,, an' rafter-room and press,  
An' seeked him up the chimley flue an' everywheres I guess,  
Bt all they ever found of him, was jut his pants an' roundabout

An' the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' onct there was a little girl' ~~wouldn't~~ would always laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of every-one and all her blood and kin/  
An' onct when there was company an' old folks was there,  
She mocked 'em an' she shocked 'em, an' she said she didn't care.  
An' jist as she kicked her heels an' turned to run and hide,  
There were two great big black things a'standin' by her side,  
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about  
An' the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' little orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue  
An' the lamp wick sputters and the wind goes woo--  
An' you hear the crickets quit ,an' the moon is grey-  
An' the lightin' bugs in dew is all squenched away/  
You had better mind your parents, and your teachers fond and dear,  
And cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear  
An' help the poor and needy ones 'at clusters all about ,  
Or the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

All morning there had been  
a great gathering of people  
outside the gate of Mr.  
Wilson's house. It was the  
day on which Mr. Wilson  
was buried - as they say -  
buried, the funeral coach  
came, the coach followed  
by a few others to the  
road to the cemetery  
of Washington where in  
familiar phrase the funeral

was bde and in a  
moment all seemed  
silent and desecuted - The  
home on S. Sheek.

The home was not dearked  
for in that room still lingered  
the spirit of Mr. Nelson  
<sup>This spirit</sup> he moved about at old age  
and the feebleness that illness  
had produced had fallen  
away - This is what is meant  
by death - to such as he  
and his great company waiting

"His eyes became again  
those of the eagle." He rose  
and not a moment did  
he remain within the house  
for golden lie the meadows  
golden run the streams  
and the fields and the  
valleys shout & hue golden  
shouts. He flung open the  
door, as they knew he  
would do who were awaking  
him and he stood there  
looking at them a general

Reviewing his hoops  
The men saluted -  
When a great man dies  
The immortals await him  
He looked up and his  
peers - they were all young  
like himself, one detached  
himself from the rest - He was  
the last <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>the</sup>  
breath <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup>  
breathing florously - Here's  
the fellow I have been  
telling you about <sup>about</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~

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66 Young Mariner  
Yon from the Lavee  
Under the Sea cliff  
Yon that are watching

The gray Magician  
With eyes of wonder

Dicks eggs sperlici

And I am dying  
Who follow the Gleam

And so to the Lands Eastward  
And can no longer

But die refusing  
And can no longer

but the reproach  
For this the magic of ~~him~~<sup>the</sup> high  
Who taught me in childhood  
~~there~~<sup>is</sup> on the border  
Of boundless Ocean  
And all but in Heaven  
Hovers the Gleam  
Not of the Sunlight  
Not of the Moonlight-  
Not of the Daylight-  
Even the Margin  
Apes follow it.  
Follow the Gleam

## In Flanders Field

In Flanders Field the poppies blow  
Between the crosses row on row  
That mark our place and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago  
we lived, felt down I saw sunset glow  
Lived and were loved and now we lie  
In Flanders Field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe  
To you from failing hands we throw  
the torch, be yours to hold it high  
If you break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep through poppies grow  
In Flanders Field

MARGARET

A lily in its static purity,  
Wooed a warm rose, unfolding hues of dawn.  
Under the soft spell of the vernal moon,  
A fairy priest performed the mystic rites  
Merging the twain, —and to their love was born  
A spirit child, an angel-wonder child,  
Cradled among the petals of the rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Autumn, despoiler of the garden home,  
Scattered the rose leaves, laid the lily low!  
Then loving fairies took the spirit child,  
Gave her blue eyes and hair of sunset gold,  
Gave her soft dimples and pink baby toes;  
And while I slept they laid her on my breast, —  
A lily soul, a rose heart, — Margaret.

## LIFE

Youth met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads. Here is joy, untouched by knowledge of succeeding pain; here is love, undimmed by the certainty of future partings; here is faith, untarnished by the memory of broken pledges. Here, my child, is life." But though the valley through which Youth led me was massed with blossoming shrubbery and filled with the songs of birds, my heart was not at rest and I eagerly pressed on.

Maturity met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads.... Here is disillusionment that leaves truth naked to the seeking soul; here is achievement, bought of midnight sweat and anguished hungering; here is power, daughter of achievement. Here, my child, is life." But though I followed my guide carefully up the ever-narrowing path, my heart was not at rest and I eagerly pressed on.

Age met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads.... Here is sorrow whose tears clear the vision of the world; here is pain, that drives the spirit in on God; here is loneliness that draws the companionship of angels. Here, my Child, is life." But the hill top, over which I followed Age, was wind-swept and bleak and I eagerly pressed on.

Then Death stepped out in front of me and said, " You are seeking me?" "No, No," I cried, "I am seeking life. Life, not death is my quest. Let me be gone! I must find it!" Gently Death placed his hands upon my shoulders and slowly turning me about pointed along the path whence I had come, — over the hills of age, down the steep of maturity and into the valley of Youth. "Life?" he said, - "Look! You have just passed through it!"

Written because I must write, for my own  
peace of mind, even though what I write  
may interest no one but myself.

With love,

Mona Walter Agnew.

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